Out of my ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
*Oth.* What doſt thou meane?
*Iag.* Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules:
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh, tis ſomething, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
*Oth.* Ile know thy thoughts.
*Iag.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt tis in my cuſtody.
*Oth.* Ha?
*Iag.* O beware (my Lord) of iealouſie;
It is a green eyd monſter, which doth mocke
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſs,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.
*Oth.* O miſery.
*Iag.* Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good heauen, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From iealouſie.
*Oth.* Why, why is this?
Thinkſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolu'd: exchange me for a Goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me iealous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;

Where